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### THE BROKEN TESSERA.

"Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor."

WHEN Philadelphia was about to be evacuated by the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, June 18, 1778, there was a merchant, one Hubbard Simpson, largely engaged in the sale of English goods, who had become highly obnoxious to the American residents, for supplying the British commander with mercantile facilities, and with information that had been used to the detriment of the American army.

This man was in high repute with Sir Henry and his immediate predecessor, Lord Howe. From the former he now received a notification in time to enable him to sell his goods and depart under the protection of the British army.

It was not possible, however, to dispose of so large a stock at short notice. To sell upon a credit was impracticable, so far as any of the American merchants were concerned, and as for those in the Tory interest they were not to be trusted. To make a cash sale in the present state of the funds was impossible. Thus Mr. Simpson revolved the matter in his mind till the very day preceding the evacuation. A final notice from Sir Henry found him undecided, sitting in his crowded warehouse, soon to be devoted to spoliation and fire by the incensed Americans.

Now, this man was a member of the Masonic Fraternity. Before the breaking out of strife he had held a distinguished place in the provincial lodges. Although his understanding of right and wrong, in the present war, differed from that of the majority of his countrymen, yet the most zealous patriot could not accuse him of inconsistency or turpitude. What he had professed to be from his youth—a warm loyalist—he still maintained; and this had led him to adopt the unpopular side in the revolutionary struggle, and to follow the British army, even at the expense of a large portion of his property.

As things now stood he was likely to lose more. Already he had begun to contemplate the idea of throwing open the doors and departing, when a rap was heard without, and, in answer to his invitation, an old friend, Mr. Jonas Lee, entered and asked a conference.

This person, come at so critical a moment, was a person of note in the city—one who had suffered more than most others for his attachment to liberty—and a zealous Mason.

For three years and upward no intercourse had been held between the pair, once fraternally intimate; they had only acknowledged each other's acquaintance by a nod of recognition when they met on the streets.

The object of the present call was stated in a few words.

"My old friend and brother, I have heard of you, approaching danger, and am come to offer you a service. We have taken opposite sides in politics; but you have sustained your choice, like myself, at great sacrifices; and while I can but regret you are arrayed against our common country, I yet respect your honesty of purpose. Masonry knows no principle but duty, and this is your hour of oppression; therefore am I come. My influence is now in the ascendant, and I hereby offer to you in brotherly truth. For old time's sake I will take charge of your property, otherwise the spoil of our soldiers,